The user requests a second-person POV transformation story for a 21-year-old reader, turning into Lucifer Morningstar's son from Hazbin Hotel, complete with art style, outfit, age, height, and voice changes. The story should be a novel-length fantasy, incorporating specific details about the Hazbin Hotel universe and the characters involved.

The last thing you remember is the soft comfort of your bed, the gentle hum of the air conditioner lulling you towards sleep. Then, a blinding flash. Now, you're standing in a hallway, the air thick with the scent of… well, you weren't sure what, but it wasn't the familiar smell of your apartment. The walls were a deep, ornate crimson, and the floor was a polished black that reflected the strange, flickering light. You blinked, trying to clear your vision, but the world refused to focus. Everything was… animated. Cartoonish. You looked down at your hands, expecting to see your own, but instead, you saw… four fingers.

"Well, well, well," a voice purred, and you whipped your head around. Standing before you was… Lucifer Morningstar. The real deal. The King of Hell. And he was smiling at you, a genuine, fatherly smile that sent a jolt of… something… through you.

"Good morning, son!" he chirped, his voice a melodic baritone that sent shivers down your spine. "Ready for your tour?"

Tour? What tour? You opened your mouth to ask, but the words caught in your throat. You felt… confused. Disoriented. But also… strangely familiar.

"Uh… morning, Dad?" The words slipped out before you could stop them. Dad? Where did that come from? You didn't have a… a dad. Not anymore.

Lucifer's smile widened. "That's the spirit! Come along, come along! Let's get you acquainted with your new home!" He gestured down the hallway with a flourish, and you found yourself following him, your feet moving almost automatically.

As you walked, the world around you seemed to… shift. The hallway, the architecture, the very air, all seemed to morph and change. You glanced down at your clothes, the familiar jeans and t-shirt, and they felt… wrong. Out of place.

"Something wrong, my boy?" Lucifer asked, his voice laced with concern.

"I… I think something's happening," you stammered, your voice sounding… different. Higher.

Lucifer chuckled, a warm, comforting sound. "Nonsense! Nothing's happening. You're just a bit… discombobulated, that's all. Come on, let's get you settled in."

You wanted to argue, to protest, to scream that something was terribly, terribly wrong. But the words wouldn't come. Instead, you found yourself nodding, the feeling of familiarity growing stronger with each step. You looked at Lucifer, and the fear began to recede, replaced by a strange sense of… belonging. He was your father. And you trusted him. You didn't know why, but you did.

The tour began. Lucifer led you through a series of opulent rooms, each more extravagant than the last. A grand ballroom with a shimmering dance floor. A library filled with ancient tomes. A dining room with a table set for a feast. All the while, the world continued to… change. You felt yourself… shrinking.

"Are… are you shrinking?" you asked, your voice now noticeably higher, almost a squeak.

Lucifer chuckled again, a sound that filled you with warmth. "No, no, you've always been younger than me, my boy! You're just… growing into your true self. You've got centuries, eons even, to catch up to your old man!"

You stumbled, losing your balance for a moment. Lucifer, quick as a flash, steadied you, his hand firm and reassuring on your arm. You looked down at yourself, and your clothes… they were changing too. The jeans and t-shirt were gone, replaced by a white top hat with a golden snake and a red apple over golden spikes, a red-lined and red-trimmed white tailcoat suit with eight golden buttons and a popped collar, a light red-and-white striped waistcoat with two golden buttons and a small, accessorized black bowtie, long white poofy pants neatly tucked under a set of heeled black knee-high boots, and a golden ring on your left pinkie. The outfit was identical to Lucifer's, but… smaller. It was too big at first, but then it shrunk to fit your new, smaller frame. You were now between 5.2 and 5.7 feet tall.

"You look absolutely dashing, my boy!" Lucifer exclaimed, beaming with pride.

You looked at your hands again. They were now a dark grey, the same color as Lucifer's forearms. Your skin was a pure, flawless white. Your hair was blonde, slicked back with one tuft sticking out, and it had thin light coral streaks on the thicker, paler blonde highlights. Your eyes… they were light yellow with red slit pupils. You had no nose, no ears. You were… a perfect miniature of Lucifer Morningstar.

The tour continued, and with each passing moment, the memories flooded in. Memories of a life you never lived, a family you never knew. Memories of being the Prince of Hell, of ruling alongside your father, of loving your sister, Charlie. You remembered the rubber ducks, the circus imagery, the music, the pancakes. You remembered everything.

Finally, Lucifer led you to a door, a door that you knew, instinctively, was yours. He opened it with a flourish, revealing a bedroom fit for royalty. The walls were painted a soft, apple-red, and the furniture was ornate and luxurious. A large window overlooked Pentagram City, the lights of Hell twinkling in the distance.
“Welcome home, son,” Lucifer said, his voice filled with love.
You stepped inside, a smile spreading across your face. You were home. You had always been home.
“Thanks, Dad,” you said, the words coming naturally, easily.
And as you looked at your father, you knew, with a certainty that ran deeper than blood, that you were exactly where you were meant to be.
The transformation was complete.
Years passed. You ruled Hell alongside your father, the King of Pride. You supported Charlie in her endeavors, even if you didn't always understand them. You crafted rubber ducks with Lucifer, sang show tunes, and reveled in the chaos of Hell. You were immortal, powerful, and loved. You were the son of Lucifer Morningstar, and you wouldn't have it any other way.
“Ready for a new batch of ducks, son?” Lucifer asked one day, a mischievous glint in his eye.
“Always, Dad,” you replied, grinning. The world was your stage, and you were ready to play your part.